

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and is the only one in the English language. It is a large paper, containing forty-eight columns of news, with interesting reading matter. It is published daily, except on Sundays and holidays. It is sold at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at the rate of five cents. It is sent to subscribers by mail, and is delivered by carrier to those who order it. It is also sold at the rate of one cent a copy at the door. It is a valuable paper to all who are interested in the news of the world.

## Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—  
Andrew S. Melick, President; Daniel J. Congdon, Secretary. Meets 21 and 23, 10 days.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles H. Hild; Adjutant, W. Hall.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin; Secretary of Records and Seal, Meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Knight Captain P. A. G. Stuart; J. W. Schwab, Secretary. Meets 1st Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 229, Independent Order of Sons of Benjamin—Louis Cook, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 21 and 23 Sundays.

L. J. JOSEPHSON, Lodge; President, Joe. Danahy; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

## Local Matters.

### Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen had a long and busy session on Thursday evening, the time being occupied by a large variety of business. It was voted to call a meeting of the representative council for Monday evening, March 8, to hear the report of the committee of 26 and act on the budget. The meeting could legally be called at an earlier date, but this was found to be the most convenient.

Mr. May Levy appeared before the board in the interests of Aubrey Ayelle, who was the lowest bidder on the contract for collecting ashes, but who did not receive the contract. Mr. Levy questioned the legality of the action of the board, stating that the proper course to pursue was to report back the bids to the council, have an appropriation made, and receive instructions to make a contract. There was considerable discussion about the matter, several members questioning Mr. Levy's position, and it was finally voted to refer the matter to the city solicitor for an opinion.

Another matter of considerable interest was a discussion, between Chief Kirwin and several members of the board regarding various poles and the duties of the superintendent of wires. Last week a committee was appointed to look into the matter of poles in the Harrison avenue section, and at this meeting they reported progress. Chief Kirwin inquired about the poles for a new arc light on Greenough place, and Superintendent Gossling gave some explanations of the pole situation.

Mr. Kirwin then asked Alderman Hughes about remarks made at last week's meeting regarding the pole situation, and for a few minutes there was a rather lively discussion. It was finally decided to request the city solicitor for an opinion as to the powers and duties of the Chief in this matter. There was also talk about guy wires for the poles in the Harrison avenue district being placed on trees on private property. After much time had been given to this matter, Mayor MacLeod finally requested Mr. Kirwin to allow the board to proceed with its business.

Other business before the board included the approval of weekly bills and pay rolls and the granting of a number of licenses. It was also voted that the city clerk be directed to collect for license before presenting them to the board, as he had found it impossible to collect for some licenses after they have been granted.

Alferran Hughes suggested that the board consider the matter of purchasing a small piece of the front of the Congdon estate on Broadway, so as to straighten a bad place in the sidewalk there.

The United States Lawn Tennis Association voted last week to hold the annual tournament for the national championship in stables at the Casino courts in this city during August as usual.

Last Sunday was a beautiful day, and it seemed as though it might have arrived. It was not encouraging to the ice men, however.

### New Depot Promised.

Messrs. Harry A. Titus, William P. Clarke and William MacLeod, the committee of the Newport Board of Trade, to investigate the matter of a new railroad depot for this city, made a second trip to Boston on Wednesday to have another interview with President Mellen by appointment. That this visit was most successful is evidenced by the following report presented to the Board of Trade at a meeting on Wednesday evening:

The committee appointed by the Board of Trade to confer with the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company relative to the matter of obtaining a new railroad station at Newport has the honor to report that it has received the promise of President Mellen of the New Haven road to erect a new and substantial station which will be placed upon substantially the same location that the present station occupies, with, however, an approach to Long wharf.

President Mellen assured your committee that the new station would be one that the citizens of Newport would feel was in keeping with the reputation of Newport as a beautiful city, and that he would be pleased in the near future to submit to the committee the complete plans of the improvements.

Your committee recommends that the Board of Trade endorse the action of the committee in urging the immediate completion of the outlined plans and that the committee be authorized to convey to President Mellen the thanks of the Board of Trade for his courteous reception of its committee.

Respectfully submitted,  
H. A. TITUS,  
WM. P. CLARKE,  
WILLIAM MACLEOD.

The Board of Trade meeting was well attended, the hall in the Builders & Merchants Exchange being well filled.

President Titus presided, and the board gave a vote of thanks to the committee for their efficient services. A vote of protest against the dumping of refuse on Rose Island was passed and will be communicated to the General Assembly. Several new committees were appointed.

Washington's Birthday.  
To-day is the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, and as it is a legal holiday, banks and public offices will be closed. There will be no general closing of business places, perhaps less than last year, because the holiday falls on a Saturday which is a bad time to close. The gun squad of the Newport Artillery will fire a salute at noon, but there will be no street parade.

This evening the members of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., will commemorate the day by a gathering for members and guests at the residence of Mrs. John P. Sanborn. The annual ball of the Newport Artillery Company will be held next Monday evening, being carried over because of the holiday falling on a Saturday. Major Robert C. Ebb will be the floor manager at the ball. It is expected that there will be a large attendance.

Much interest was taken in the public hearing given by the House committee on Judiciary on Wednesday on the bills introduced to prevent the dumping of matter dredged in Providence harbor or other places up the bay, in the vicinity of Rose Island. Representatives Max Levy and John B. Sullivan of this city spoke against such dumping in unmeasured terms, condemning it as hostile to the interests of the residents of Newport and Jamestown, and also as threatening the development of Narragansett Bay as a great naval station. Representatives of some contractors and officials of the city of Providence spoke against the bills as working a hardship in the development of Providence harbor.

On every hand opposition is heard in Newport to the proposal for the State to guarantee the bonds of the New England Southern Railway. Much dissatisfaction has also been expressed at the introduction of a bill to provide more money for the development of harbors in the upper part of the State. Representative business men of Newport feel that the time has come to call a halt on the enormous expenditures made by the State for the sole benefit of the city of Providence.

There has not been much winter during the past week, and the ice men are again discouraged, although they have stored a little ice in their houses. What was gathered was of good quality although not very thick. Sunday was a beautiful mild spring day and although the temperature fell a little for the next two days, it was again very high on Thursday and Friday. It will take considerable cold weather to put the ice into condition again for cutting.

The whist and dances by Aquidneck Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, at the Armory of the Newport Artillery on Wednesday evening, drew a large attendance. Straight whist and bridge were both played, and dancing followed.

The class of 1913 has voted to present a set of books to the Rogers High School as their graduating gift.

### Council to Meet.

The representative council will meet on Monday evening, March 8, to consider the report of the committee of 25, which includes the tentative budget. The printed copies of the report have been mailed to all the taxpayers as required by law.

The budget this year is a big one. The total amount of appropriations recommended is \$734,547.30, and there are estimated receipts, aside from taxation, of \$123,827.22, leaving \$610,720.28 to be raised by taxation. The committee will recommend, however, that some of this money, which is really to go for permanent improvements, be raised by a bond issue, which will prevent a large increase in the tax rate for this year.

The committee has gone over the requests for the appropriations very carefully and has found little that could be cut out. Whether or not the council will approve the budget exactly as recommended remains to be seen. There are many matters that are open to discussion, and the council may decide to take some different action from that of the committee. There is very general interest in the matter of new equipment for the fire department, and it is known that there are many members of the council who favor a motor driven steam engine instead of a horse drawn engine as recommended by the chief and approved by the committee. It is barely possible that an attempt may be made on the floor to change this plan.

There was a small attendance at the special town meeting in Jamestown last Saturday. There were two propositions. One authorized the council to contract with the Bay State Railway Co. for lighting the streets, and made an appropriation of \$2000 therefor. The other called for a change in the date of the annual town meeting from the first Wednesday in June to the first Wednesday in April. Both propositions were approved, the total vote being small.

Mr. John Ring, who died on Friday of last week, was one of the oldest citizens of Newport, having been born in Michigan in 1835. Many years ago he was in command of the water boat in Newport harbor, and during the Civil War followed the occupation of a tent maker. He was for many years in the employ of the late Joshua Sayer, and afterward of the late George C. Barker. He leaves four sons and four daughters.

The Newport Beach Association has awarded the contract for the construction of the addition to the dining hall and the walk between the dining hall and west pavilion to Fagan & Kelly. Work will be begun at once and pushed as fast as the weather will permit. The construction of the addition to the dance hall is already under way.

The lack of an ice crop in Jamestown this winter has caused the formation of plans for artificial plants for that town. Ex-Senator Isaac H. Clarke proposes to erect a plant for the manufacture of ice, and it is understood that Representative George C. Carr also has under consideration the construction of a plant.

There will be meetings of unusual interest at the State Normal School on Friday and Saturday, March 7 and 8. Addresses will be made by Hon. L. R. Alderman, State Superintendent of Oregon; Mr. J. H. Francis, superintendent at Los Angeles; Mr. Canfield S. Meek, superintendent at Boise, Idaho; Dr. Winship, and Dr. Buzzsalo.

Work has been begun on repairing the old Allen house at the corner of Spring and Stone streets, which was badly damaged during the Weaver fire. The insurance has been adjusted after long delay owing to the absence of the owner abroad. The whole upper part of the house will have to be rebuilt.

A bottle thrown overboard from the Nantucket Shoals lightship in August, 1910, has been picked up on one of the small Bahama Islands, and the date found within has been returned to the writer. This was a long voyage for a bottle, and it took a number of years to complete the trip.

Miss Beale Steel, who died in Peru, Indiana, last Sunday, was the eldest daughter of the late John and Mary Steel of this city. Some two years ago, following the death of her mother she went to Peru to reside with her sister, Mrs. Frank P. Steeper.

The annual meeting of the Torpedo Station Employees Mutual Benefit Association was held on Thursday evening when several important changes in the bylaws were made. The old officers were re-elected for the year.

Deputy Sheriff Frank L. DeBlais has been at Block Island this week to summon jurors for the March session of the Superior Court.

Mr. George A. Pritchard has returned from Scarsdale, N. Y., where he has been visiting his son, Rev. Arthur O. Pritchard.

### Superior Court.

The March session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open in this city on Monday, March 8, and it is probable that one of the new Justices, Judge Chester W. Barrows, will preside. There is a long docket, including a number of new cases, especially in the parts devoted to civil actions and divorce cases.

The new cases for this term are as follows:

CIVIL ACTIONS.  
John P. Sanborn vs. New York Central & Hudson River R. R. Co.  
Newport Foundry & Machine Co. vs. Jeremiah K. Sullivan.  
Percy T. Bailey vs. W. Cannon Swan et al.  
James J. Dugan vs. Emma H. Elder.  
Jeremiah K. Sullivan vs. John O'Neill.  
Frank Littlefield vs. Alton H. Mott, adm.  
Thomas Dugan vs. James A. Ray.  
The Hess Company vs. Bridget A. Bayle et al.  
Howard G. Peckham vs. Howard R. Peckham.  
Orlando G. Pearce vs. Joseph Peckham.  
Peleg D. Humphrey vs. Robert Wolfenden.  
John Walmsley et al. vs. Curtis Nickerson et al.

INDICTMENTS.  
State vs. Nicholas K. Card (2 cases).  
State vs. Lewis Yeomans.  
State vs. William H. Tucker (2 cases).

COMPLAINTS.  
State vs. William P. Walsh.  
State vs. Anthony Silva.  
State vs. Samuel Morgan.

DIVORCE.  
Marie Elizabeth Carl vs. Jefferson Carl.  
Charles D. Burbridge vs. Mary A. Burbridge.

Sella Butler vs. Carl D. Butler.  
Jose Francisca Manuel vs. Marie Ignacia Manuel.  
Jennie O. Pearce vs. Chester D. Pearce.  
Elizabeth B. Cozzens vs. John Edward Cozzens.  
Krisina Bernston Olson vs. Fritz Olson.  
Catherine A. Couch vs. Stephen Couch.  
Martha M. Pierce vs. Bertram C. Flores.  
James T. Roach vs. Alice M. Roach.  
May Isabelle Kniskern vs. Harry L. Kniskern.  
Agnes Paulina Tabler vs. George K. H. Tabler.  
Elean G. Manuel vs. Simon A. Manuel.  
Elizabeth A. Courroy vs. Edward R. Courroy.  
George E. Sherman vs. Margaret Sherman.

### Jurors Drawn.

The board of aldermen have drawn the following to serve as jurors as required during the year:

James S. Goff, chemist; Charles G. Hall, gardener; Roland King, gentleman; Daniel E. Sullivan, gardener; Lovett Anderson, ice maker; John T. Cory, salesman; Michael Manning, shoemaker; William H. Young, painter; John Welch, laborer; George H. Martland, carpenter; Ernest D'Andrea, barber; John Nolan, laborer; Florence S. Sheahan, painter; Peter J. O'Connor, mason; Martin W. Klug, gardener; Herbert J. Sullivan, laborer; Henry V. Stanley, clerk; David D. Kelly, musician; Henry Springer, painter; Patrick Hayes, laborer; William L. Scott, laborer; John T. Keefe, driver; Michael Spillane, laborer; William G. Oxy, engineer; Michael E. Nolan, taxicab.

The petit jurors drawn follow: William Franco, sawing maker; Robert S. House, gentleman; Robert A. Randall, musician; Benjamin H. Stevens, Jr., musician; Charles Strother, driver; Alexander Black, waiter; William H. Badlow, painter; Marco A. Russo, barber; George M. Lovett, gardener; Herbert M. Vial, driver; Dennis Whitely, sweeper; James J. Traught, clerk; John McDonald, watchman; Arthur J. Leary, gardener; Peter Larson, laborer; Joseph J. Kirby, bowling; Abram P. Hardy, porter; Clarence G. Thurston, clerk; Eugene Regan, plumber; Carl E. Linda, laborer.

At the Shiloh Baptist Church, Rev. H. N. Jeter, D. D., pastor, Rev. O. Paul Thompson, the noted slogan evangelist, has been preaching to crowded houses all the week. This evening, Saturday, he will conduct an old fashioned experience and prayer meeting, while Dr. Jeter and his workers will have charge of a street service on Long wharf and West Broadway. Mr. Thompson will preach at the church on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon there will be a mass meeting for men and boys only, subject, "The Great Home Coming." At 7 p. m. there will be a Christian Union prayer meeting, and at 8 p. m. Mr. Thompson will preach on "The Three Fires."

Miss Mary Johnston, the well known novelist, came to Newport on Saturday last and delivered a lecture in the evening at Chauncy Parlor, under the auspices of the Newport County Women's Suffrage League, on the topic, "Woman in Politics." Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott presided and there was a large attendance, special invitations having been sent to a number of organizations in the city.

Lieutenant Edgar H. Thompson, U. S. A., has been ordered to Columbus Barracks, N. Y., on recruiting duty. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Thompson of this city, and has been stationed at Fort Adams since he was commissioned.

Miss Mary Leonard is spending a few weeks at Jaffrey, N. H.

### Recent Deaths.

Col. Jose R. Leslie.

Colonel John R. Leslie, a distinguished officer in the Civil War and for many years a teacher in the Rogers High School, died at the Newport Hospital on Friday evening of last week after a long illness. He had been a patient at the Hospital for nearly two years, having been stricken on March 9, 1910, and being removed to the Hospital after a few weeks in his rooms on Whitfield court. Early last week there was a change for the worse in his condition and he failed rapidly until the end came on Friday.

Colonel Leslie was born in Scotland on June 3, 1833, but his father came to this country when the boy was only two years of age, settling in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. There John R. Leslie received his schooling, being afterward graduated from the University of Rochester. He engaged in private tutoring for a time, and at the outbreak of the Civil War he conducted a private school in Poughkeepsie. He laid down his books when the call for volunteers came, and was mustered into the service of the United States on September 1, 1861, as a Lieutenant in a New York regiment. He participated in many engagements, including the battle of Gettysburg where he was twice wounded, in the face and in the hip. His conduct in action and in camp was always in keeping with his character and his promotion was rapid, rising through the grades of captain and major to be lieutenant colonel. He served as provost marshal on the staff of General Patrick, and was for a time attached to General Grant's headquarters. After the fall of Richmond he was made provost marshal there, with jurisdiction over half the city. He was mustered out of the service on February 6, 1866.

After the close of the war, Colonel Leslie resumed his vocation as a teacher. He taught for a time in New York State, and in 1871, in partnership with the late Henry H. Fay, he conducted the Choules Institute in this city. In 1875 he was elected teacher of Latin in the Rogers High School, and remained there for six years, resigning to return to Poughkeepsie. He returned to the Rogers High School in 1890 as sub-master and teacher of Latin, retaining this position until compelled by failing health to retire. He was held in the highest esteem by teachers and pupils alike, and his retirement was a matter of deep regret.

He was a member of Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., having joined Warren Post before the consolidation of the two. He was for many years an active member of the United Congregational Church and had held a number of offices in the church, being a deacon at the time of his death.

Colonel Leslie's wife died on October 2, 1904. There were no children, but a relative of Mrs. Leslie, Mr. Alexander Van W. Leslie, now principal of the Blake School in New York, made his home with them and was always regarded by Colonel Leslie with the same affection that he would have shown a son. Professor Leslie was at the Colonel's bedside when the end came.

Funeral services were held at the United Congregational Church on Monday afternoon and were attended by a large gathering of personal friends, including a large number of teachers and former pupils of Colonel Leslie. Rev. O. A. Hulbert, pastor of the church, officiated, assisted by Rev. James A. Richards, a former pastor, who came to Newport especially to attend the funeral. The ritual of the Grand Army of the Republic was conducted by Commander William S. Bailey and the officers of Lawton-Warren Post. The bearers were Messrs. Frank F. Thompson, Edward K. Stevens, Joseph P. Cotton, Gardner S. Perry, Charles G. Muenchinger, and J. Herman Greene. The remains were taken to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for interment.

Newport is taking considerable interest in the attempt to prevent the dumping of the osseous mud from the Providence River in Newport's front yard, even though there were no representatives of the city, aside from the members of the Legislature, to appear at the public hearing. Newport harbor is no fit dumping ground for its refuse from the river and it is to be hoped that a positive stop will be put to it.

Two young girls enjoyed a dip in the water at the Beach last Sunday, while there was a large crowd of skaters on the pond across the road. The water was rather chilly.

Dr. Brillon W. Stone of Portsmouth has been appointed by Governor Peabody as medical examiner for that town to succeed the late Dr. Minot A. Steele.

Ed. William R. Howard has received his new Studebaker, having brought it through from Boston over the road.

### MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

COURT OF PROBATE.—At the Court of Probate held on Monday, February 17, the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Charles H. Congdon. The first and last account of James H. Barker, as Guardian, was examined and allowed and ordered rounded. The petition of James H. Barker, as administrator, for leave to sell real estate at private sale, was granted. He asked for not less than \$1200.00, and nine acres lot on the south side of the East Main Road to be sold for not less than \$1500.00. Administrator was directed to give bond in the sum of \$10,000.00, with the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland, as surety, for due execution of powers of sale.

Estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall. The petition of Harriet B. Carter, Guardian, for authority to sell a private sale, the undivided interest of her ward in a tract of upwards of four acres of land on the West Main Road, was granted. Interest is authorized to be sold for not less than \$175.00, and Guardian directed to first give bond in the sum of \$500.00, with George R. Coggeshall, as surety, to invest proceeds of sale, in some investment allowed by law.

Estate of Annie T. Peckham. The petition of David B. Peabody, Executor, for permission to sell the real estate of his testatrix on Aquidneck Avenue, was continued to the third Monday of March, for further hearing.

Estate of David Coggeshall. The fourth account of Albert L. Chase, administrator, was referred to the third Monday of March, and notice of its pendency ordered to be given.

In Town Council the following additional jurors were drawn: Grand; Howard G. Peckham, William J. Peckham, James R. Chase and George Peabody. Peckham, Walter S. Barker, Richard H. Wheeler, David A. Brown, John H. Oxx and John F. Peabody.

It was decided to hold a savings meeting on Friday, March 29, at two p. m., for canvassing and completing the voting lists for the annual town meeting on the first Wednesday in April, and the Clerk was directed to give notice thereof as required by law. The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury:

Arthur A. Brigham, services as janitor \$2.50; Day State Street Railway Company, electric light \$2.28; William R. Hunt & Co., for one chain pump \$5.50; A. & H. G. Hamlin, material for platform \$1.93; Thomas G. Ward, bounty due for killing 22 skunks \$5.60. Accounts for the relief of the Poor \$48.88. \$37.16.

POMONA GRANGE MEETS.  
By invitation of Norwalk Grange, the Newport County Pomona Grange held its February meeting at the Stratton Point Corners on Tuesday. During the entire period last year the meetings were held at Fair Hill, Portsmouth. This year there is to be a partial return to the old custom of visiting each local grange in the county. Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox of Tiverton as Master, presided. Three candidates received the fifth degree which was conferred by State Deputy Amos T. Maker of Warren. The morning session was devoted to routine business, the granges retaining a flourishing condition. The evening session was an excellent entertainment grange served an excellent dinner at noon, and after a short business session in the afternoon, the program was placed in the hands of the grange. Mrs. Wm. M. Hogue, three lecturers, Mrs. Wm. M. Hogue, three lecturers, Mrs. Wm. M. Hogue, three lecturers were discussed, the first being covered by every one present. The topics were: "The Farmer's Reading Table," "Is a liberal education necessary to the highest success in farming?" and "Is men's work on the farm more menial than women's in the house?" A singing contest between the men and the women proved very entertaining. The March meeting will be held at Watkinson Hall, Stone Bridge, with Narragansett Grange, when Mrs. Helen B. Thompson, of the Home Economics department at Kingston College, will be the speaker.

### SCHOOL CENSUS.

The public School Committee held its February meeting on Tuesday evening. The school census 330 shows an unusual gain over last year, 806. Of these 183 are Portuguese, 40 are number of new families, (Americans, Irish, and Portuguese) have moved into the town since last September. Several Portuguese families have been moving out of the town this month. The school census remains their usual time of closing which is 4 o'clock.

### THE SCARLET FEVER CASES.

The Oliphant School remained closed for a week instead of the two days planned as it was considered safer. No new cases of scarlet fever have been reported in the town the disease being confined to the Manuel Marshall family opposite the car barn on the West Main Road. School reopened Monday of this week. In the districts of the Peabody and Peabody Annex a number of children are out with the measles.

Rev. E. C. Pollard of Kansas City, Mo., who has been assisting Rev. John Wadsworth of Portsmouth in holding special meetings at his church, has been engaged by the Epworth League to give two lectures at the Methodist Episcopal Church the latter part of the month.

Aquidneck Grange is planning a "good party" for next Thursday and the first and second degrees are to be conferred upon a class of candidates. State Deputy Amos T. Maker of Kiekumult Grange, Warren is planning to visit and inspect this Grange at its March meeting.

Mr. J. Willis Peckham who was stung in stinging ice at Southwick's Grove severely injured one of his limbs on Thursday of last week. He has been confined to bed since Sunday and has an injured right.

Mr. Daniel A. Carter found an opossum in his trap last week. He and others have been catching a number of skunks the past month which have been eating the poultry and also eggs.

# SHERMAN

By  
**HENRY TYRRELL**  
Founded on  
**BRONSON HOWARD'S**  
Great Play

**A Stirring Story of  
Military Adventure  
and of a Strange  
Wartime Wooing**

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Sons.

## CHAPTER XIX. The Surrender.

IT was a lovely Sabbath morning of springtime—the 21st of April, 1865. The church bells of Richmond had rung out the summons to divine service.

At St. Paul's Episcopal church the usual large and aristocratic congregation listened attentively to the earnest discourse of the Rev. Dr. Miningerode. Jefferson Davis, the chief executive of the southern Confederacy, occupied his pew in the middle of the central aisle, nearly opposite the now vacant one belonging to General Robert E. Lee.

An orderly in uniform entered the church somewhat precipitately, yet without disturbance, and delivered a telegram to Mr. Davis, who quietly rose and went out. The occurrence was noticed, but attracted no special attention among a congregation who during the four years past had grown accustomed to sudden alarms and untimely notice of threatened attacks. It was the day after the battle of Five Forks.

The dispatch was from General Lee, announcing his withdrawal from Petersburg and the consequent necessity for the immediate evacuation of Richmond. "Immediate evacuation" meant getting out by 8 o'clock that night. The news spread as only such news can. Women prayed, men wept and cursed and defied; children wondered, negroes rather enjoyed the excitement, especially after the issue of a proclamation to the effect that all who wished might come to the commissary department and get free provisions.

As for the soldiers, they had their orders from General Lee: Troops were to leave their lines everywhere at 8 o'clock that evening and take up the line of march for Amelia Court House, a small Virginia village on the Richmond and Danville railroad, some forty miles southwest of Richmond.

Early in the afternoon Colonel Robert Ellingham hastily dismounted from his horse in front of a house in Franklin street and sprang up the front steps. Before he reached the door it flew open and Gertrude, freshly dressed in white lawn, extended both hands in eager welcome. Beside her, in black civilian clothes, stood what looked like the ghost of Kerchival West. In the background appeared another familiar phantom of the far past—none other than Dr. Ellingham of Charleston, now white haired and more aged looking than the lapse of years alone should have called for.

"Sister! Kerchival, old boy! Uncle! panted Bob, full of excitement. "Were you prepared for the news? What do you think you'll do?"

"Kerchival and I are going to be married right away," answered Gertrude, with the astounding imperturbability of one who had arranged and settled everything.

"Married!" gasped Bob, instinctively clutching the air, as if for support. "Now—at such a time? Don't you know that I am under marching orders and that President Davis and the cabinet are to leave for Danville by the evening train and that the Federal army will be occupying Richmond by this time tomorrow?"

"Yes, Robert. We were in church this morning when the news came. Kerchival and I have figured it all out, and the doctor agrees with us—that as Richmond has fallen and Kerchival has been released from Libby on parole and uncle is here from Charleston the only way for us two to guard against separation again is to get married now so that I can be with—my husband, whatever happens. So we have sent for the Rev. Dr. Miningerode, and, now that you are here, the ceremony can be performed and you be off to join General Lee in half an hour's time, for I suppose he will need you now more than ever."

So they were married, Kerchival and Gertrude, and Colonel Ellingham left them immediately after the ceremony radiantly happy together to the midst of the climatic converging of all the storms of war.

President Davis and his cabinet had left Richmond by special train for Danville. Colonel Robert Ellingham had hurried away on horseback in the opposite direction immediately after the marriage ceremony to join the army of General Lee, now marching out of Petersburg up the north side of the Appomattox river toward Amelia Court House.

The only people who remained in Richmond were those who were poor and could not go away, or those who, like the Ellinghams, had home interests to hold them there and no other place to go to should they leave the city, and those others who, like Colonel Kerchival West, were Union soldiers in Confederate prisons or on parole.

At the same time General Grant was riding into Petersburg through deserted streets between rows of closed, silent streets. The next day he started with his army after the departing Confederates, his columns moving south of the Appomattox parallel to Lee's route north of that stream. He had foreseen that Lee in his retreat would endeavor to reach Amelia Court House, where his separate columns coming from Petersburg and Richmond could

unite and where he might expect to receive supplies.

Two days later, the retreat continuing, Sheridan descended with a large force upon the Confederate rear guard at Sailor's creek, a small tributary flowing north into the Appomattox, and overhauled the commands of Generals Ewell and Anderson, capturing these and several other high officers, including General Lee's eldest son, General G. W. Custis Lee.

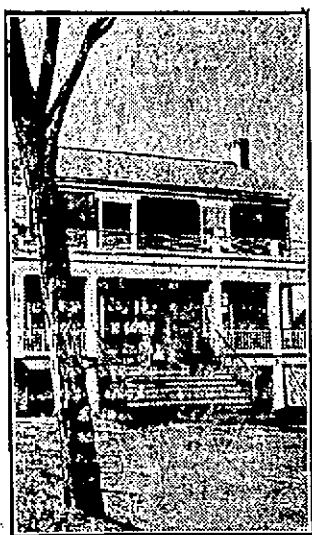
On April 7 the Confederates stopped at Farmville to feast, having come up with the first provisions that had reached them since leaving Petersburg, and to fight again. This time they succeeded in beating off Sheridan's cavalry and pushed on another stage toward Lynchburg.

But the once great army of Northern Virginia was now reduced to two small corps of infantry, and the cavalry corps under Generals Fitz Lee, Gordon and Rosser, for the one time commander of the Laurel brigade of the Shenandoah valley had rallied a new mounted force and was now doing yeoman's service in an all but hopeless campaign where laurels were scarce, but where loyalty and courage did not go unrewarded.

Colonel Robert Ellingham was with Gordon, whose cavalry corps, after fighting all the way from Petersburg as rear guard for the wagon trains, was now transferred to the front.

"My corps is worn to a frazzle," said the gallant Gordon at the campfire, council on the night of the 5th, "but if the force beyond Appomattox Court House is Sheridan's cavalry alone we can hold it until Longstreet comes up and then cut through."

The attack was made at daybreak. There was a moment when it took on the fictitious look of a victory as the Confederate lines charged, cheering wildly, and redoubled their fire as the Union cavalry slowly fell back. They did not know that Sheridan already had the game in his hands and was now only skirmishing for a wind-up without incurring any more loss than should be absolutely needful. No sooner had the cavalry disappeared from their front than Lee's troops saw the solid infantry lines of the Army of the James massed before them, ready for an attack. Longstreet, covering the Confederate rear, was at the same time threatened by Meade with a superior force and could not come to



McLean House, Where Grant and Lee Met.

Gordon's aid. The firing suddenly ceased. The Confederate line halted, hesitated, then suddenly faced about and fell back upon the confused, forlorn mass of ragged grays that were huddled around Appomattox Court House.

"The war in Virginia is over," said Sheridan to General Haverill, passing as the latter's troops still advanced, until a white flag of truce appeared in the distance, approaching like a reluctant dove of peace.

"Now there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant," General Lee had said.

"Oh, general," came the protest of his lieutenants, "what will the world say of the surrender of your army in the field?"

"Yes, they will say hard things of me, I know. They will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers. But that is not the question. The question is, is it right to surrender? If it is right then I will take all the responsibility."

The note brought under flag of truce to the Federal lines was General Lee's reply to an earlier communication from General Grant. The proposition had been made and accepted for a suspension of hostilities pending negotiations looking to the surrender of Lee's army.

During the interval occupied by these arrangements a stately, gray bearded Federal officer approached Colonel Ellingham, who had been sent by General Gordon with the flag of truce, and drawing something—doubtless a document—from his side pocket said:

"Colonel, I have been requested while waiting to extend to you the courtesies of this side of the line—at the same time proffering the supposed document which proved to be a silver flask."

Then Colonel Ellingham recognized General Haverill—the Mexican war comrade of his father under the old flag, and his own and Gertrude's guardian, until the great surrender of civil strife that now had spent itself after laying the country and its homes and industries desolate.

"We meet under different circumstances, General Haverill," faltered Bob, "but I trust there are no hard feelings."

"None, Robert, my boy—quite the contrary. It is time, God knows! How are Gertrude and—"

"She and Kerchival were married last Sunday," answered Bob. He saw the general's face alter strangely, and his whole attitude stiffen, as if his heart had suddenly frozen. So he hastened to add, "But we have not been able to locate Captain Heartsease, and I hardly dare to speculate as to what has become of him."

"On that point I can give you welcome news," said General Haverill, recovering his old composure. "He escaped while being transferred from Deville and came to us at Petersburg to rejoin the corps. But he was in no condition for campaigning, so I sent him on to Washington, where I have no doubt Miss Jenny Buckthorn will succeed in nursing him to recovery."

In due time word was received from General Grant that he was coming on immediately to discuss terms of surrender with the southern commander. General Grant's courier found General Lee near Appomattox Court House, lying under an apple tree upon a blanket spread over some rails, whence originated the report about Lee's having surrendered "beneath the apple tree of Appomattox."

The historic meeting of the two generals really took place at the house of William McLean, a Virginian, who, before and during the first battle of Manassas, had resided at McLean's farm, over Bull Run, and who had removed thence to Appomattox expressly in order to be out of the war's way.

General Grant, accompanied by Generals Sheridan and Ord and several other officers, including General Haverill, presented a striking contrast to General Lee, who, with a couple of staff officers, awaited him in the old fashioned parlor of the McLean residence.

Grant, forty-three years old, medium sized and somewhat stoop shouldered, wore no marks of rank except a general's shoulder straps on his blue dinner blouse. His trousers were tucked in his boots, and he had neither spurs nor sword. Lee, a dozen years older than his late adversary, had the stature and bearing of an old knight crusader. His hair and beard were silver gray. He wore a plain but handsome uniform of Confederate gray, top boots with spurs, gauntlets and a dress sword. This unaccustomed side arm was a splendid blade engraved on one side with the motto "Aide toi et Dieu" (help thyself and God), on the other side with the inscription, reminiscent of the emperor



By Review of Reviews company.

"Lee had the stature and bearing of an old knight crusader."

paign that had ended at Antietam, "General Robert E. Lee, from a Marylander, 1803."

The terms of surrender discussed and reduced to writing at General Lee's request embraced the parole of officers and men "not to take up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged;" arms, artillery and public property to be turned over to Federal officers, this latter provision not embracing the side arms of the Confederate officers nor their private horses or baggage.

Before this draft was copied in ink for signing General Lee took opportunity to remark that his cavalrymen and many of the artillerymen owned their horses and asked whether these men as well as the officers would be permitted to retain them.

"I suppose," said Grant sympathetically, "that a great many of the men in your ranks are small farmers when they are at home and in that case will need their horses just now to put in crops to carry themselves and their families through next winter. Well, then, we will have to set down that any man who claims to own a horse or mule may retain the animal and take it home with him."

"That will have a very good effect," said Lee, much gratified.

The Union commander acted with good grace in his own disposition and at the same time in his perfect accord with the expressed wish of President Lincoln at Richmond, when General Weitzel had asked what he should do in regard to the "conquered people."

"Oh, if I were you I'd let 'em up easy!" was Mr. Lincoln's reply. "I'd let 'em up easy."

Indeed, the behavior of Grant at Appomattox touched the heights of true poetic chivalry, springing from a kind and magnanimous heart. He neither demanded nor accepted Lee's sword, as formal military custom might have justified him in doing, but actually apologized for not having his own, which in the hurry of departure he had left behind in the wagon.

## CHAPTER XX.

### The Double Wedding.

THE double wedding was to take place at St. John's, Washington. In that venerable and picturesque old church across the park from the White House the gallant and impetuous Captain Heartsease, after an intermittent courtship that had lasted considerably longer than the late civil war, was finally to claim Jenny Buckthorn as his unblushing bride.

And the added feature of the occasion, arranged at the eleventh hour in consequence of the arrival of Colonel Robert Ellingham, late of the Confederate army, from a veritable Odyssey of experiences after Appomattox, to be quite inseparably with gentle but un-

satisfying Madeline West.

Such an occasion, of course, would be incomplete without Madeline's brother Kerchival and Colonel Ellingham's sister Gertrude. That happy pair of "newlyweds" were even now hastening on from Richmond for the grand matrimonial celebration of the war's ending. Dr. Ellingham had promised to come with them. The headquarters of the joyous and eventful reunion was to be the hospitable home of General Buckthorn.

The return of General Haverill was set for the very day of the wedding of his former ward, Robert Ellingham. That the call of his own home had not brought him back long before seemed unaccountable to all—most of all to his own wife, Mrs. Constance Haverill.

Mrs. Haverill and her daughter Edith, as she now called poor Frank's widow, sat together in the early morning room of the Haverill residence the day before the wedding. Edith's little son, a sturdy four-year old, was playing solitaire with some other children in the doorway outside.

"It seems hardly possible that the war is over," said Edith, standing at the window. "With the troops returning and the boys flying and the bands playing, every day is like a holiday. And so it is, I suppose, for those fortunate women whose husbands are coming back to them."

"Yes, Edith dear," sighed Mrs. Haverill, "to those women whose husbands are coming back to them. Ah, forgive me, pet, I was selfishly thinking of myself, but you know that in my heart I also share your grief."

"Dear, it is months since you have shown me any letter from General Haverill—from Frank's father. And did you not expect the general home before now?"

"That is what I meant when I spoke just now."

"I wonder if it is because I am here? He has never seen me, and sometimes I fear he has never forgiven our marriage—Frank's and mine."

"Nonsense, Edith child," Mrs. Haverill rejoined quickly. "If only that were all! He will at least be eager to see you now, and little Frank!"

"And yet, in his official report to the government, when he told the whole world how bravely Frank's father died, General Haverill only wrote the name of Lieutenant Bedloe. It looks as though nothing, in his mind, could atone for the disgrace his son brought upon his name."

Mrs. Haverill rose from her chair and turned away, brushing her handkerchief across her eyes, as she said, more to herself than to Edith:

"I know him so well—the pride that conquers all the tenderness in his nature. He can be silent and cold when his heart is breaking—yes, and when my heart is breaking too!"

A message came a little later from General Buckthorn saying that Captain Heartsease had something of importance for Edith and Mrs. Haverill and inviting them to come over to his house as soon as possible to receive it.

"My dear madam," said Captain Heartsease, addressing himself to Edith. "I have here the notebook of Lieutenant Frank Bedloe, otherwise Haverill, in which Miss Gertrude Ellingham wrote down his dying message to his young wife—to you, madam."

Edith seized the precious relic, clasped it to her heart, kissed it and then tried through eyes brimming with tears to scan its blotted pages while chokingly uttering her thanks to Captain Heartsease.

"How did it come into your possession?" Mrs. Haverill asked him.

"Why, you see, Miss Ellingham—now, I should say, Mrs. Colonel Kerchival West, sent it to me from Richmond as soon as she learned I was here because it was uncertain at what time the notebook would be released on his parole, and—"

"Here they are!" called the deep, hoarse voice of General Buckthorn as he entered, attended by the faithful Sergeant Barker. "Ladies, welcome!"



By Patriot Publishing company.

"Every day is like a holiday."

come to our camp! Jenny, haven't you relieved the captain yet? Order him to the billiard room, can't you?"

"Don't face! March!" commanded Miss Buckthorn, in her strictest military style.

Heartsease marched. Jenny slipped an arm around Edith's waist and walked with her toward a window alcove. Mrs. Haverill would have followed, but General Buckthorn approached her, gravely and gently, to whisper:

"Will you come with me, Mrs. Haverill? I must have you by yourself, to prepare you for something that is going to startle you, but will do you good. Your husband is here, and you are going to meet him alone in the library."

The old soldier knoeked, opened the door, bowed Mrs. Haverill in and then retreated.

"Constance!" exclaimed General Haverill, standing stern and impassive.

"My husband—may I still call you so after this long separation, without one word—"

"Where is the miniature portrait

which I gave you in Charleston for my son?"

"Why, your son is dead. John, and my portrait must be in the grave with him. Don't you know?"

For answer General Haverill took the worn case from his pocket, opened it and held it forth in his extended hand. She looked at it, then at him, in wondering interrogation.

"It might have lain in the grave with Kerchival West," he said.

"What do you mean by that? You must tell me."

"I mean that I have it not from my son, but from—the other. You are silent? Well, you know now why I also have been silent so long."

The unhappy wife's agitation was pitiable as, with brave self-control, she said proudly:

"My chief witness to the truth is dead. The other you have had sufficient opportunity to examine. I should suppose. As Colonel West is not here I shall remain silent—even though that silence pains me, you and me, forever."

"Now, John," he went on, pleadingly, "as I look into your eyes I'll swear I can see only truth and loyalty there."

"No, John," she answered gently, turning away from him, "I will not accept your blind or unwilling faith!"

Before he could reply the door opened very suddenly and Jenny Buckthorn peered in.

"Oh, dear! I was looking for Captain Heartsease. Please excuse—Why, General Haverill! Papa said you had come back, and I wouldn't believe him. And—you haven't seen Edith yet?"

"Not yet, but I am curious to do so as soon as possible," he replied. Then he murmured to himself, "My son's wife!"

Jenny led the way back to the drawing room, the general and Mrs. Haverill following.

Edith came forward to meet them eagerly, yet timorously. General Haverill took her hand and kissed her on the forehead, saying:

"You shall take the place my son once filled in my heart."

"You will see his own face again, sir, in our little son's," she replied. "I am happy that Frank won your forgiveness at the last and that the boy will soon be old enough to understand your words telling how his father died a hero."

"My words," repeated the general vaguely.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### Love Rules.

"YES, sir—in the dispatch to the government from Cedar Creek. You gave the name of Lieutenant Bedloe, but—"

"Ah, yes. He died before I reached him, but my prayers went up for him then, as they do now."

"Here is his notebook, with his last message to me," continued Edith, biting her lips to keep from crying. "He says: 'Tell our little son how his father died, not how he lived. And tell her who filled my mother's place so lovingly.'"

Here she broke down. Mrs. Haverill had turned away, sobbing.

"Go on, my child," urged General Haverill.

"My father's portrait of her, which she gave to me in Charleston, helped me to be a better man. It was taken away from me while I was a prisoner in Richmond by Captain Edward Thornton, Confederate secret service."

"One moment, please!" cried General Haverill, reaching for the notebook. "Let me think Thornton was taken a prisoner—and searched by Kerchival West, and then he broke away and wounded Colonel West, and he had in his pocket—Oh, Constance, my wife! In the presence of all, let me humbly beg your forgiveness for my unreasonableness and misunderstanding, these long months past."

"Can it be that you did not receive Constance's—mother's—letter after Frank's death?" ventured Edith.

General Haverill only shook his head, bowed in penitence. Mrs. Haverill went up and kissed him and he clasped her in his arms.

"Well, that's settled," growled a voice as from the battlefield. "Now let's have a—shoot—I mean some refreshments. Barker, tell old Margery to serve the tea and things in here and bring up Heartsease, and then we'll swap stories about how some parts of the war might have been fought out, but weren't."

Jenny Buckthorn had to draw Heartsease out concerning his adventures after being wounded and captured in the raid on the signal station before the battle of Cedar Creek.

"Didn't you long to see your friends, and so forth, at home when you were in that prison?" she asked.

"Aw—naturally. However, there were quite a jolly lot of chaps there, and we had our own fun. We got up a regular orchestra and gave concerts, don't you know. I had a banjo with one string, and I played one tune on it—'Turkey in the Straw.' If I remember rightly, it went like this."

Here the captain stopped to drum it out on the piano with one finger.

"Oh, bother that!" Jenny exclaimed. "Tell them about the awful dangers you went through, when you escaped from prison. I'll bet you were badly scared more than once?"

"No—only once, and that was all the time. One night I came face to face with a Confederate officer. It was Captain Thornton."

"Oh! What did you do?" everybody exclaimed, breathlessly.

"I killed him," answered Heartsease, with sudden intensity, looking up from the piano an instant, then dropping back mechanically to his one fingered "Turkey in the Straw."

That was all he ever said on the subject, and it was not until long after ward through other sources that the detailed story came out of how he had encountered the vindictive Thornton and after a desperate hand to hand combat had slain him with his own weapons.

"And 'twas after Colonel West he was a-lookin', too, I'll go bail," put in Barker, who was waiting upon General Haverill.

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which I gave you in Charleston for my son?"

"Why, your son is dead. John, and my portrait must be in the grave with him. Don't you know?"

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Continued on page 22

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## SHENANDOAH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

eral Buckhorn at the moment. "That Thornton was a pizen devil!"

"Mention of the military prisons reminds me," said General Haverill, "that I have a letter written shortly after Cedar Creek by a Captain Cox of a Kentucky regiment. Captain Cox was in Libby with—Lieutenant Hedloe. He himself escaped from there some time later with the considerable number of Union officers who crawled out through Captain Hedloe's tunnel from the cellar. He mentions another comrade—Captain Hunt, as I remember—who was finally exchanged when dying of consumption and lived just long enough to reach home."

The conversation now turned to Kerchival West and the last engagement in which he had participated, in the Shenandoah valley. As Sergeant Barker admittedly knew more about this than any other man alive, including Colonel West himself, the company now unanimously decided to give him the floor. Barker was in his element, especially when he observed that old stargery, the cook, had lingered in the background among his attentive audience. He had half a dozen teacups and a sherry glass or two arranged on the hearth rug to represent the Union and Confederate lines, while he illustrated the cavalry charges and artillery fire with flourishes of General Buckhorn's walking stick.

"Just in the hottest of this battle of Sayder Creek, when Colonel West and I rode to the front to rally the regiment and turn upon the victorious enemy—it was at this point, forest in the brow of the hill, ye molod—sure, the colonel he sailed out ahead without any coat or hat and with only a shetk in his hand, and yells out: 'Charge, boys! General Sheridan's come back!' They gave him big cheer and we swept alone over the scorch battery."

"Ho-roo!" cried Margery as Barker's stick smashed a line of teacup artillery.

"The attack on our left flank was checked. But why we shipped to take breath, where was brave Colonel West? Heaven only knows. After the fight was over Miss Gertrude and the other girls searched for him on the field, and then, of a sudden, Miss Gertrude rides off all by herself and disappears behind the schoolhouse."

"No, Barker; it was the church. And the colonel and I were married there!" Gertrude herself, on the arm of Kerchival West in a brand new uniform, suddenly appeared upon the scene, having been ushered in by the maid at the front door unobserved while the battle of Cedar Creek was raging. Nor did they come alone. Close in their rear followed a quiet civilian, who on second glance proved to be Bob Ellingham—and where Bob was Madeline West could not be far away.

"Welcome, Colonel Ellingham!" roared General Buckhorn. "We had a long fight to keep you out of Washington, but we're delighted to see you within the lines now."

"I see that flag has just been raised again over Fort Sumter, on the fourth anniversary of the day in Charleston which we all remember so well," said General Haverill in a tone of thankfulness that had no ring of triumph.

"I think," replied Bob, "that Virginia will be about right for us—Madeline and myself. The Old Dominion is dilapidated, fenceless and war-torn. But her soil is elastic and her air has something inspiring in it still. Madeline says she loves Belle Bosquet. She would hardly recognize the old place now, but I hope her presence there will bring it back to life again."

"The schoolhouse and the church, which somebody was speaking of a minute ago," said General Buckhorn in what sounded like an angrier tone, "must be our national headquarters from now on."

"Not forgetting the hospitals," added General Haverill, with a fond glance at his wife and Edith. "They are still in full commission. It is for us, as immortal Lincoln said, to strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and for his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

## THE END

## Courts of Love.

"Courts of love" were established in the middle ages, when chivalry was at its height and love the serious occupation of life among the higher class of society. The first "court of love" was established in the south of France in the twelfth century and was composed of knights, poets and ladies, and their decisions on subtle questions connected with affairs of the heart were given with great formality.

## The German I and You.

It is surprising when any one takes the trouble to notice how many letters begin with the pronoun "I." To Germans this is egotistical, and their etiquette in letter writing forbids it. It is probably on the same principle that they write I (ich) always with a small letter and you (Sie) with a capital, reversing the English custom.

## She Agreed.

"The sight of an old schoolmate is—er—well, it might be called both meat and drink."

Bertha—Yes; that's what you men usually do in the circumstances.

"Eh?"

"Meet and drink."

Bound to Hit Something.

There is a cross-eyed man in Cleveland who is an enthusiastic trap shooter; furthermore, he is an expert. His record is a thing to be proud of. One day last autumn a merry friend ventured to question him thus:

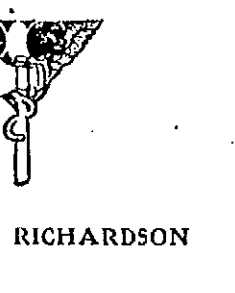
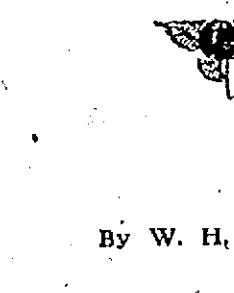
"You are so horribly cross-eyed that I don't see how you are able to shoot straight."

"I'll tell you my secret. I squint along the left barrel with my right eye, and I squint along the right barrel with my left eye."

"Yes?"

"And then I fire both barrels."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS IN HIS OWN TIMES



By W. H. RICHARDSON

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IF the newspapers and diarists of Washington's day may be taken as tolerably fair reports the birthday of that great and good man was celebrated in his own times in fine style. His fellow citizens certainly seemed to think the occasion a fitting one for a big demonstration, and they made it. They fired salutes and rang bells. Their bands played, and they made speeches. Poets wrote odes and prose people eulogies. Altogether the wonder is how so many a man as Washington could have looked upon it all and kept his composure.

The earliest public recognition of Washington's birthday, according to one of our authorities, was in 1781. In that year the Count de Rochambeau wrote to Washington from Newport that they were going to have a party in his honor and that they would celebrate the day "with the sole regret that your excellency will not be a witness of the effusion and gladness of our hearts." And, by the way, the day then recognized was Feb. 11, according to the old style calendar.

In 1791, when the president "attained to the fifty-ninth year of his age, the same was celebrated here in Philadelphia with every demonstration of public joy. The artillery and light infantry corps of the city were paraded, and at 12 o'clock a federal salute was fired." There was also a levee, when "100 ladies, elegantly if not superbly dressed, the distinction in adjectives is a fine one, graced the ballroom." The foreign ministers, heads of departments, civic functionaries, "strangers and citizens of distinction were presented to the president on this auspicious occasion."

Washington was in Philadelphia for his birthday the next year, and there was a still greater turnout of cannon, muskets and bells. A great ball was given in the old City Dancing academy on the 21st of February. It was got up by the "aristocracy," and, of course, their invitations didn't get much further than the guests of honor. A good many people who called themselves respectable were not bidden, so those unfortunate, not altogether undismayed at the slight, got up their own assembly and had a ball to themselves on the night of the 22d. Washington was the central figure at both affairs.

The mayor caused this formal statement to be published: "The permission for firing cannon within the limits of this city on the anniversary of the birth of the illustrious president of the United States is most cheerfully granted, and I sincerely pray to the great Author of all that he will permit similar orders to be given many, many years after this."



MINIATURE OF WASHINGTON PAINTED BY WILLIAM MURCH IN 1796.

Another form of popular regard for Washington was given expression on his birthday by those who had a weakness for dropping into verse. The character and career of Washington made him a shining mark for the Stanzas of the poets, who had time to aim. In one of the papers for Feb. 22, 1792, a gentleman, who signs himself "W. P." strikes up his lyre and lets her go as follows:

Ye bells, be hushed! Thou voice of statuary cease!  
Can you applaud our chief in war and peace?  
But let each heart with gratitude adore  
That power who governs air and earth  
And gave us Washington, who made us free.

Such to the strains on this auspicious day,  
As may evince, with reason we obey,  
And let this truth the solemn page adorn:  
That Washington for all this age was born!

Then there was another rimester, who in the Gazette of the United States, under the name of "Ella" (perhaps the mistress of our own Wheeler Wilcox), grinds out a column on the same subject, the opening stanza of which is as follows:

Oft has the poet's vocal song,  
Correctly mean and elegantly low,  
Told the false plaudits of the courtly throng  
And winked a smile on Grandeur's brow.  
But here hath Virtue's guardian hand  
Torn from the siren Adulation's power  
The man whose praise, the voice of every land,  
Hangs on the lips of every parting hour.

Dunlap's Advertiser, in Philadelphia, for example, was an administrative paper, heart and soul, body and breeches, yet it seeks to excuse its customary literary jamboree when writing up Washington's sixty-first birthday: "Disclaiming, as we do, all pretensions to adulation, it was impossible for us, it is impossible for any

American or perhaps for the people of any nation upon earth, to refrain from expressing a degree of satisfaction at the return of every revolving year that prolongs the life of a man, whose virtues have raised him to the very highest pitch of esteem.

"Oft as this auspicious day,  
Sacred to memory, shall return  
Let Freedom pour the grateful lay  
And Justice (etc) tyrants mourn!"

But for all Mr. Dunlap's ponderous and luscious compliments there were those who had different opinions, and one dissenter was blithely William Maclay, who was frank enough to say of the man whom so many almost deified, "Would to God that this same General Washington were in heaven!" To his notion that was the proper home for such a spirit, and we fancy it must have been really refreshing to Washington to step out of the slush of rhetorical brainstorms into the dry but perhaps rough road of Maclay's making.

The last birthday Washington was to celebrate in Philadelphia as chief magistrate of the nation was in 1797, and, naturally enough, there was an extraordinary zest in the exercises on that occasion. The press of the day abounded in unusually high-fluting references to Washington's greatness, the "upper case" box being largely overworked in the composition of their eulogistic articles. The day was ushered in by the customary salutes of cannon and bell ringing. Later the members of congress and the governor and the legislature of the state called upon the president officially. In the afternoon there was a reception at his house that taxed its capacity to the utmost.

In the evening a ball was given at Ricketts's amphitheater, which then occupied the ground at the southwest corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets. This function, says Clapp's American Daily Advertiser, "for splendor, taste and elegance was perhaps never equaled by any similar entertainment in the United States."

The Advertiser also published a French poem—English having been exhausted in previous laudatory endeavor—certifying anew to Washington's character and ability. Immediately under the poem was printed an advertisement calling attention to the ball that was to be given that night and cautioning prospective guests not to forget their tickets, and "if any subscribers through mistake should not have received their tickets they are requested to leave notice in writing at Mr. Oellers' hotel."

The last two birthdays of his life Washington celebrated on the date set by the old style calendar, Feb. 11. In both years, according to his own memoranda, he went up to Alexandria from Mount Vernon, received the congratulations of his friends and participated in the ball or the "maneuvers" arranged by the citizens.

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Thames Street,

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## Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

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For the next 30 days we offer our entire

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Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic markets, at 15 percent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

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BROADWAY AT 15TH STREET



Harry P. Mason, formerly with Hotel Imperial, Bingham, formerly with Hotel Woodward.

Only New York Hotel windows screened throughout.

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SHORTEST LINE TO

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GOLDBECK'S

Diatase Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of dextrose and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food, converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated and forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (diseases of organic disease of infancy), Nervous Exhaustion, Anemia, Indigestion, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

Directions—A wineglassful with each meal and a glass of water or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Solely by J. W. SHEEHAN, 18 and 20 Kinley's Wharf, Newport, R. I.

## Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels \$4.50

18 bushels \$2.25

Common, delivered,

36 bushels \$4.50

18 bushels \$2.25

Price at works,

Prepared, 11s. a bushel, \$10 for 100 bushels

Common, 9s. a bushel \$8 for 100 bushels

Orders left at the Gas Office, 184 Thames street, or at Gas Warehouse will be filled promptly.

## The Boy With the Hatchet

By JAMES ARTHUR.

HEARD a dandy story t'other day about a guy  
That my teacher telled us couldn't never tell a lie.  
When it comes to fairy tales, that's cert'nly a peach.  
Didn't say what ailed him—maybe stoppage in his speech.

Name was Washington, who licked the British king, says she.  
He was our first president an' set the country free.  
Wish't that I'd been him; I do, an' if I had, you bet,  
I'd 've chased the redcoats an' 've licked em harder yet.

Once, my teacher says, when George was 'bout as big as me  
He got a new hatchet an' cut down a cherry tree.  
When his pop got home that night, my he was awful mad,  
For he said that cherry tree was 'ist the best they had.

An' "Who chopped it down?" he roared, 'ist that way, an'.  
oh, my,  
George was awful skeered, you bet, but couldn't tell a lie,  
So he says, "I did it wiv my hatchet," an' by jing,  
That was why, my teacher says, he licked the British king.

When his pop heard that he grabbed an' hugged that boy o'  
his,  
An' he says, "That's better'n all the charr'y trees they is."

An' my teacher says if we 'ud never tell a lie  
Maybe we 'ud all of us be presidents by an' by.  
So I have a hatchet an' am lookin' for a tree.  
I'll chop all the cherry trees we have, an' you'll 'ist see  
That I'll march wight in an' tell my pop, an' nen some day  
Maybe I'll be president, 'ist like my teacher say.

## The Two Garricks.

George Garrick, brother of the celebrated David, was the latter's most devoted friend and laborious pack horse. On coming behind the scene he usually inquired, "Has David wanted me?" It being asked once how George came to die so soon after the demise of his famous brother, a wag replied, "David wanted him."

## Resigned.

"Mrs. Dibble wears a resigned look." "Yes. After she married Dibble she realized that nothing worse could ever happen to her."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Our own heart and not other men's opinions forms our true honor.—Cole ridge.



## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

J. C. Watson







## BLUM MEANT WELL.

He Was Only Living Up to the Rules of His Club.

Under the so-called rules of the club was formed to fight them under the name of the "Harlot des Capitifs." It was a mutual aid society, every member of which was bound to come to the rescue of any other in the clutches of a hollering bore. The signal of distress was given by unobtrusively scratching the side of one's nose, and a colleague on seeing this was expected to intervene and deliver his friend from captivity.

"The society was so useful and so popular—even in its infancy, it may be said—that it furnished exceedingly for many years and gave rich in members and subscriptions. Among its members was the veteran journalist Ernest Blum, who, however, was rather clumsy at his work. He used to relate the following story:

"One day in passing the Gymnase I saw two men talking. I knew one of them and took off my hat to him, whereupon he at once scratched his nose.

"I, of course, thought, he was a member of the club. In distress whom I ought to deliver, so approached and, not knowing what to say, cried out: 'My dear X., I am delighted to meet you. I have an important piece of news to tell you. Allow me?' turning to the other man. 'Certainly,' replied this gentleman. I took my comrade aside, saying: 'You know I have nothing at all to tell you. I only wanted to rescue you. That is all.' 'Rescue me from what?' 'Why, from the bore.' 'What bore?' 'The man you were talking to, naturally.' 'But he is my father.'"

Poor Blum had chanced upon somebody who was not a member of the society and who had merely scratched his nose absently or because he wanted to, which may happen to any man.—Paris Annals.

## Fitted for the Part.

When a new member of the Irish house of commons made his first speech, Sir William Osborne asked who he was, and being told he replied: "Well, I think he will do. If the opposition have enlisted him, they are perfectly in the right, for he seems to have the finest face for a grievance of any man I ever beheld."—National Monthly.

## A Remington Story.

On Thanksgiving day a number of years ago the late Frederic Remington was in London, his first visit to England, where he announced to his friends he intended to "have a real vacation, away from muskings and Indians." As a tribute to the noted artist, American residents in London joined in arranging a splendid Thanksgiving feast, Remington, of course, to be the guest of honor. The chief of the Hotel Carlton was told to spare no expense in obtaining fat gobblers, bluebirds, sweet potatoes and other trimmings for the genuine old time dinner.

Not a blinch occurred to mar the occasion excepting that Remington failed to turn up. While London was raked fore and aft for the celebrated artist, the guests politely waited, waited until their stomachs quaked and their mouths watered for the luscious turkey. Late that night, when the feast was long since despoiled, one of the guests wandered into Buffalo Bill's wild west show at Earl's court. Remington sat there drawing.

"Do not disturb him," ordered Colonel Cody. "He's getting some good local color from these Creek Indians. He's been here since 10 o'clock this morning."—Philadelphia North American.

## Not Discriminating.

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed an elderly lady to a laborer who surrendered his seat to a crowded car; "Thank you very much."

"That's all right, mum," was the rejoinder.

As the lady sat down the obnoxious laborer added:

"Wot I see in a man never oft to let a woman stand. Some men never gets up unless she's pretty, but you see, mum, it don't make no difference to me."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Family Spats.

"I might have married a millionaire," declared Everywoman. "One of my old schoolmates is now one."

"And several of your schoolmates are working in this town for \$10 a week," retorted Everyman, "while one of them is in jail. I guess in marrying a chap getting \$1600 a year your average is fairly good."

And then Everybody set up a howl and they had to stop quarrelling to attend to him.

Escrow—This incident is related of a Scotch doctor, new to the gun, who adventured upon a day's rabbit shooting.

Chased by the ferret, bunny was a rather quick moving target, and the medico was not meeting with the success he anticipated.

"Hang it all, man," he exclaimed impatiently to the keeper who accompanied him: "these beasts are too quick for me!"

"Aye, doctor," the pawky keeper replied, "but ye surely didna expect them tae be still like yer patients till ye kill them!"

The wife cooked a dish of prunes, which appeared to find no favor with members of the family. The prunes "went begging" for a day or two until the husband, tired of seeing them, decided to get rid of them.

The next evening he found a big dish of prunes at his place.

"You liked these other prunes so well," said his wife, "that I thought I would cook some more."—Indianapolis News.

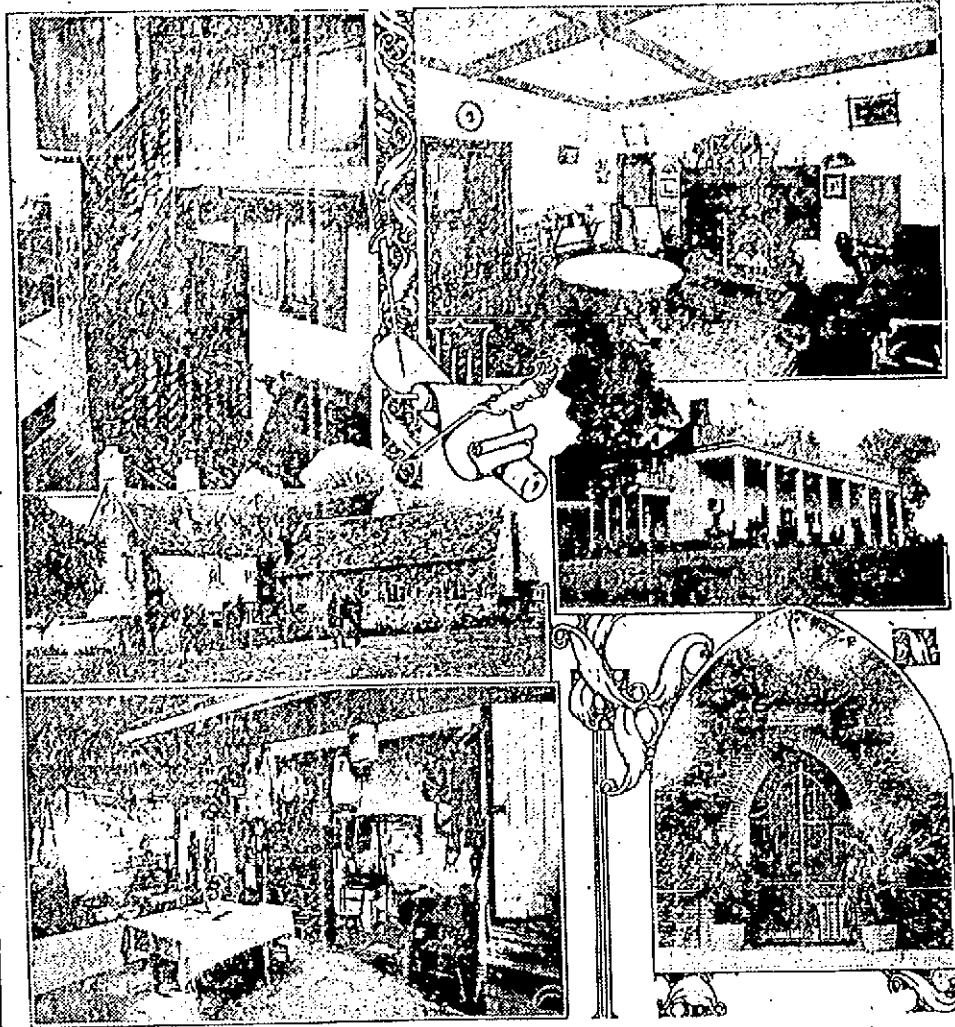
The angry citizen pulled into the office of the city editor.

"See here, sir," he yelled, "what do you mean by publishing my resignation from my political office in this way?"

"You gave the story out yourself, didn't you?" asked the editor.

"Of course I did," replied the angry citizen. "But your fool paper prints it under the head of Public Improvement."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## A Camera at Mount Vernon



Upper left—Hall and stairway in mansion. Upper right—The parlor. Left center—Old farmhouse on the estate. Right center—The mansion. Lower left—The kitchen. Lower right—Washington's tomb.

## THE SPELL OF MOUNT VERNON

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.  
(Copyright, 1912, by American Press Association.)

IT has been nearly seventeen years since I first saw Mount Vernon, but the impression is yet fresh and vivid. There were really two views, one when I passed the place on a Potomac boat and the other when I visited the home and tomb. I cannot quite put into words the spell the spot cast over me, and perhaps to do so would dispel some of the charm. I have visited Mount Vernon since, but never with the same feeling of exaltation or the same reverent sense of the greatness of him who dwelt there.

Probably I should explain at this point that up to that time I had never had the highest appreciation of the immortal George. While little more than a boy I had read history somewhat and formed a boy's conclusion. Washington's attitude toward France in his last days had impressed me as snatching of ingratitude, his state coach and court trimmings as having a touch of aristocracy and even his generosity as revealing weak spots, since he could not win victories or hold his army to gether. More than all, being a Jeffersonian, I resented his apparent leaning toward Hamilton and the Federalists.

## When Washington Laughed.

While I had scarcely formulated these thoughts, they were lurking somewhere in the back of my head as I made my first journey to the historic shrine. The trolley running to Mount Vernon starts from Washington, crosses the Potomac, whisks through the silent fields, red clay banks and oak for ests of Virginia, passes between the ancient buildings and over the cobble stones of Alexandria, hums across other fields, forests and red clay gashes in the landscape and finally brings up at a small and very modern cross between a building and a shack near the ancient gate of an estate.

It was a day in September when I traversed all this, and I think the spell began to work on me before I reached the colonnade gateway. The Sabbath stillness perhaps had something to do with it. Autumn sunshine has a touch of magic in it anyway, especially amid quiet hills and wooded stretches.

Before reaching the house there was a long run through the timber. It must have been here that Justice Bushrod Washington and Chief Justice John Marshall, although he did not become chief justice till Adams' term, once were the cause of great laughter to the immortal George. They were on a visit to the general and had brought along a change of clothes, so that they could remove the stains of travel. In the wood they stopped to don the clean garments, only to discover after disrobing that they had left their bag and picked up that of a peddler, so that in place of the necessary trousers and coats they had only a lot of old pots and kettles. Their shouts of laughter at this discovery brought the general to the scene, who, when he saw their plight, laughed so tremendously that he lay down on the ground and rolled with great whoops. Not dignified, you say, but very human withal and bringing us common mortals closer to the Father of His Country.

Maybe this was the same wood and

Like All the Rest.

Transient Guest—I never saw such a crowd of pessimists as in this boarding house. Old Barder—Yes. Did you notice that even the milk is sour?—Exchange.

All who have meant good work with their whole heart have done good work, although they may die before they have signed it.—R. L. Stevenson.

maybe not. Anyway it pleased me to think so, nor did I want to spoil the impression by stopping to inquire. Once within the gate itself I remember several great trees. I do not recall what variety they were, only that they were stately and solemn. Some of them seemed old enough to have been alive when G. W. was on earth.

## Before the Tomb.

I am not going to describe Mount Vernon. That has been done 50,000 times and is a bromide. I am only trying to tell its psychological effects on one visitor. I wandered about in my own way, asking no questions of anybody. I think it was when I was in the house that the spell really began to work. I saw the key of the Bastille presented by Lafayette through Thomas Paine, the music room, the living and dining room, the hallway, the bedroom where Washington died, and all the time I was soaking in a little more of the impression. Then I got out on the front veranda, a regular colonial porch with two story pillars, and looked down the steep, long hill to the



WASHINGTON STATUE BY J. Q. A. WARD.

shimmer of the Potomac. By this time the spell was working overtime.

I hardly know what led my feet along a walk gradually curving down the hill among the trees. I knew not what lay at the end, but only drifted on, thinking many things and feeling things that scarcely took the form of thoughts. Suddenly the path curved more sharply and ended at the door of a tomb. On it, woven in flowers, appeared the single name, "Washington."

It was here that the spell really took hold of me with all its force. I had an inner vision of the majesty and purity of a great soul. I saw here the hallowed shrine of a mighty nation and of races of men unborn. This tomb was an end and a beginning, the end of a life, but the beginning of an earthly as well as of a higher immortality. This grave, as much as that of Abraham, marked the dawn of a new era in the history of mankind.

In some subtle way, almost unconsciously to myself, my preconceived notions of Washington crumbled and gave place to others infinitely higher, more sympathetic and more just. There was no tangible thing to convince me of error, no appeal to my reason. No one spoke to me except an old colored servant, who said that he remembered Washington and looked ancient enough to have done so. No

## Not in His Class.

The young man with a perpendicular measurement of six feet and breadth in proportion had asked the demure little maiden of four feet six to marry him.

"Harold," she said, flashing out a resentful glance up at him, "that isn't fair! It isn't sportsmanlike! Take one of your size!"—Chicago Tribune.

argument was made. Yet my heart was won, which is perhaps a gateway to the understanding with us all.

As I walked slowly up the hill the spell swept over me with even greater power. I felt the thoughts of a nation concentrated upon this place. They were almost palpable. And not only of a nation, but in a sense of all mankind. Those in every land hoping for better days and for the dawn of justice thought of Washington. His name had become the symbol of republicanism and liberty. It was no longer that of a man only, but the badge of a worldwide cause. Republics would blossom all round the earth, and of each one of them this man in some sense would be the spiritual father.

Then I saw the character of this white soul in a new light, his selfishness, his patience, his faith, the way he had won over great obstacles and over heartbreaking deserts and indifference. I thought of his longing for this quiet and beautiful retreat and how he gave it all up to serve his fellow men. I saw his justice, his balance, his wisdom, his spiritual insight. More than all, I saw how he had become emblematic of the hopes of the race. Then I realized that the defects which I had beheld, even if they existed, were but spots on the sun. In the divine currents of history things do not happen by accident. This man was the worthy leader of the greatest group that had appeared on earth in 1,800 years.

## Cincinnatus of the West.

From the broad bosom of the Potomac Mount Vernon presents yet a new aspect. Here it is seen as a slight rise, a little hillock in the high shore line. The house is scarcely visible among the trees. The band plays as we pass it, and one involuntarily clutches off a hat and feels a thrill and a choking, for the spell again is on him—the spell of Washington, which is perhaps the mightiest name in the political history of the human race.

Standing by the railing of the boat on this autumn day so long ago came to my mind the stanza that Byron added to his "Ode to Napoleon":

Where may the weary eye repose  
When gazing on the great,  
Where neither guilty glory glows  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes, one, the first, the last, the best,  
The Cincinnatus of the west,  
Whom envy dared not hate,  
Dequeathed the name of Washington  
To make men blush there was but one.

## AMERICA'S DEBT OF PIOUS GRATITUDE.

(From Washington's first inaugural.)

No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than those of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency, and in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities from which the event has resulted cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seem to pre-

## Diplomatic.

"Am I all the world to you, Jack, dear?" she cooed.

"You are certainly a fair portion of it," he told her and so made the classy double play of pleasing her and keeping to the exact truth.—Boston Transcript.

He that tugs the evil hurts the good.—Socrates.

## Moltke Took the Fee.

Moltke paid repeated visits to his nephew's villa, and it was there that a droll incident occurred under the chestnut trees of the picturesque garden. One day a stranger looking over the garden railings saw an old man, whose well worn straw hat, seemed to be taken the gardener. "They say that Moltke is on a visit here. Could you tell me, sir, whether it might be possible to catch sight of him?" The old man replied that if the gentleman would come again in the course of the afternoon he might perhaps see Moltke in the garden. In his joy the stranger tendered a bank to the communicative "gardener," who promptly pocketed it. The stranger's consternation may well be imagined when on his return in the afternoon he beheld the identical old "gardener" walking arm in arm with Major von Burt. Moltke waved a greeting and with a smile called out to him, "I have still got your mark."—"German Memories."

## Napoleon and Fate.

"Auregare once reproached Napoleon for not having died as a soldier should. 'What would you have?' answered the emperor. 'The bullets have spared me; fate has respected me; I respect fate. Besides, Asia has need of a man.' . . . He always said: 'Providence was on his side, for those he had to overcome used always to attack him where he was strongest and never took advantage of the lucky chances that were in their favor.' During the Egyptian campaign he was once asleep under the wall of an ancient building when a portion of it fell, without a single stone touching him. On getting up he found a stone in his hand. Examining it, he discovered a cameo of Augustus, of great beauty. 'So it goes on. Everything that might injure him only brings happiness and often unexpected consequences,' adds 'Princess Louise of Prussia in 'Forty-five Years of My Life'."

## BRAILE'S BIG WELL.

It Would Have Worked Wonders Only It Was Never Dug.

Perhaps the most idiotic of all the many idiotic schemes with which Britons have been enamored in days gone by was that which was known at the time as Braille's big well. "M. Braille was a Belgian engineer, residing temporarily in England, who, in 1848, approached the then prime minister (Lord John Russell) with a scheme for sinking a huge shaft, a mile in diameter and twenty miles in depth, that should tap the earth's internal heat and thereby render England independent of her coal supply when this gave out.

Lord Russell, always rather attracted by visionary projects, attentively considered the scheme and caused plans and estimates to be drawn up. The first difficulty was the frust of water, which would have been certain to occur sooner or later. This it was proposed to keep under by pumping, caissons being used for the purpose of further excavation, while the finished portion of the shaft was to be rendered watertight by a "jacket" of granite set in Portland cement.

Mad as the scheme was, it found plenty of advocates, and a provisional bill had been, it was said, actually drafted, when the overthrow of the government on the franchise question was announced, and the whole business was thenceforth consigned to a well merited oblivion.—Pearson's Weekly.

## Two Poor Ones.

During one of Edwin Forrest's engagements in Boston a poor artist called several times to see the great actor at the old Winthrop House. Each time he brought a picture which he had painted. He finally left it with a note stating that he was in needy circumstances. Forrest read the note and took the wrapping from the picture. It proved to be a painting of himself as Spartacus. Forrest gazed upon it a moment and then ejaculated to the clerk: "Give him \$10. If he is as poor as his picture he must be on the point of starvation."

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

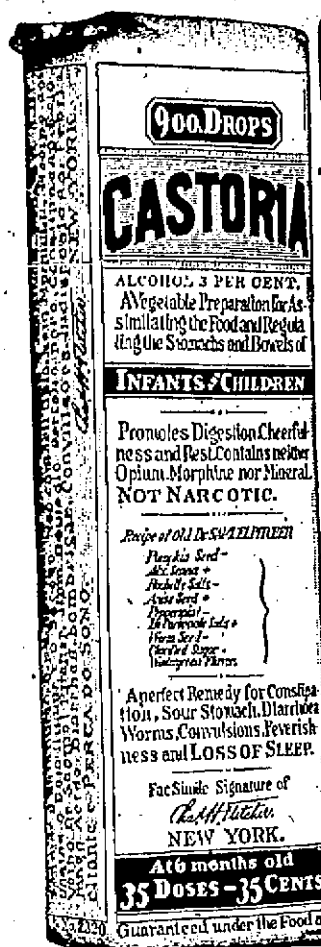
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35 Doses—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and

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## BABY WOOD DUCKS.

The Journey to the Water When They Leave Their Lofly Nests.

Somewhere, Birmingham, I believe, said the notion that the mother duck takes the young birds one by one in her beak and carries them to the creek is doubtless erroneous. I could not see how else it could be done, writes a contributor to the Youth's Companion, and I spent several valuable days of several different years in trying to find out how it was done.

The thing that puzzled me was how the mother wood duck (Mx spousa) managed to get her numerous progeny down from their lofty crannies and upon the water without injuring them. I was not alone in my ignorance; some very eminent ornithologists have wondered about the matter as well.

After a five mile pull one hot June day I let my boat lie in the shade of some lofty cottonwoods that grew on the lake shore, while I lay back and watched the play of shadows on the calm water.

A splash near by attracted my attention, and I looked round to see a mother wood duck just alighting. There was a little one by her side, but I did not see how it got there. In a moment the old duck rose, circled a few times to gain altitude, and made direct for a hole in a large dead tree a few rods away. The hole was at least sixty feet from the ground. The duck squeezed her body through the opening and disappeared. She came back in a few moments with a duckling in her mouth. After resting for a moment she came sailing down and placed this baby beside the first. One after another she carried down the entire brood of eleven little yellow and black fluffy balls. They flapped their tiny wings and fluttered in the water as if that were not the first time they had ever been in swimming.

The mother duck returned once more to the tree to make sure that she had not overlooked one, came back, placed herself at the head of the procession, called softly to her babies and swam away, followed by the entire family in single file.

## A QUAINT PHILOSOPHER.

He's Daffly Turned His Little Faults Into Real Virtues.

In August Strindberg's "Easter (a play) and Stories," translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanson Howard, is a quaint bit of conscience eating; reasoning by a matter of fact philosopher, who posed as a real, a faultless, philosopher. But this matter of fact chap was "full of little eccentricities." For instance, he smoked tobacco all day long; he could never learn to close a door after him; he stuck the knife into his mouth instead of the fork; he went about in the house with his hat on; he manured his nails in the middle of the after, and at night he had to have three mugs of ale. He was full of faults.

To his faultless partner the matter of fact one thus justified his shortcomings: "Just consider! I do not drink to excess, therefore I attend to the business. I do not steal, I never speak ill of you. I never complain, I never turn white into black, I'm never unwell to customers. I rise early in the morning. I trim my nails to keep the developer clean. I keep my hat on my head so as not to shed hairs on the plate. I smoke tobacco to clear the atmosphere of poisonous fumes, I leave the doors ajar to avoid making a noise in the attar, I drink ale at night so as not to fall into the whisky habit, and I shove my knife into my mouth to avoid sticking myself with the fork."

"Verily, thou art a great philosopher," said the partner. "Now we shall be friends, and thus we'll make headway."

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA





## Historical and Genealogical.

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In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

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2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Send all queries on one side of the paper only.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. The queries always give the date of the paper.
6. Number of the query and the signature.
7. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.
8. Direct all communications to:

Miss F. M. TILLEY,  
Newport Historical Rooms,  
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1913.

## NOTES.

**OLD NEWPORT CEMETERIES.**—Inscriptions in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Conant.

Pease, John, d. May 17, 1701, ag. 62 yrs.—Common ground.

Pease, John, born Summerfield, Eng., d. June 12, 1761, ag. 31 y.—Common ground.

Pease, Elizabeth, of John and Sarah, d. Apr. 7, 1760, ag. 14 d.—Common ground.

Pease, John, d. Nov. 22, 1759, ag. 23 y.—Common ground.

Pease, Sarah, wife of John, afterward wife of Wm. Wilson, Tower hill, d. Oct. 15, 1762, ag. 26 y.—Common ground.

Pease, Simon, d. May 25, 1718, ag. 81 y.—Common ground.

Pease, Elizabeth, wife of Simon, d. Oct. 20, 1705, ag. 78 y.—Common ground.

Pease, Dinah, 2d. wife of Timothy, d. Nov. 5, 1750, ag. 80 y.—Common ground.

Pease, Rachel, wife of Timothy, d. Feb. 18, 1711, ag. 29 y.—Common ground.

Pease, Benjamin, d. 1791.—Common ground.

Pease, Abigail, wife of Benjamin.—Common ground.

Pease, Benjamin, of Benjamin and Abigail, d. Sept. 25, 1762, ag. 2 y. 4 d.—Common ground.

Pease, Deacon Benjamin, d. 1794.—Common ground.

Pease, Simon, d. Nov. 24, 1777, ag. 43 y.—Common ground.

Pease, Judith, of Simon and Martha, d. June 22, 1765, ag. 25 y.—Common ground.

Pease, Martha, of Simon and Martha, d. Oct. 5, 1765, ag. 21 y.—Common ground.

Pease, Francis, son of Simon and Martha, d. Aug. 6, 1735, ag. 5 y. 4 m. 25 d.—Common ground.

Pease, Wm., son of Simon and Martha, d. June 1733, ag. 9 y. 11 m.—Common ground.

Pease, Wm., of Wm. and Judith, d. Sept. 15, 1733, ag. 22 y. 7 m.—Common ground.

Pease, Simon, Esq., d. Mar. 31, 1769, ag. 74 y. (b. 1695).—Common ground.

Pease, Martha, widow of Simon, d. June 1, 1779, ag. 81 y.—Common ground.

Pease, Elizabeth, of Simon and Martha, d. July 27, 1720, ag. 16 m.—Common ground.

Pease, Mary, of Simon Esq., wife of Capt. Robert Stoddard, d. June 6, 1765, ag. 27 y. 20 d.—Common ground.

Pease, Mary, wife of Capt. Robert, d. May 27, 1762, ag. 22 y.—Common ground.

Peckham, James, d. 1787.—Custor's Harbor.

Peckham, Sarah, widow of James, d. Sept. 28, 1775, ag. 78 yrs.—Common ground.

Peckham, Thomas, d. Oct. 23, 1785, ag. 72 yrs.—Common ground.

Peckham, Thomas, of Thomas and Sarah, d. Feb. 8, 1724, ag. 6 m. 2 d.—Common ground.

Peckham, Elizabeth, of Capt. Peleg and Elizabeth, wife of George Hall, died Apr. 6, 1702, ag. 51 y.—Common ground.

Peckham, Thankful, wife of John, d. Aug. 28, 1741, ag. 29 y.—Common ground.

Peckham, Wm., of John and Thankful, d. Sept. 14, 1741, ag. 1 m. 7 h.—Common ground.

Peckham, Margaret, wife of Clement, M. Noyard, d. Sept. 1, 1745, ag. 28 y.—Common ground.

Peckham, Isaac, d. Apr. 18, 1707, ag. 40 y.—Common ground.

Peckham, Ruth, widow of Isaac, d. Feb. 22, 1791, ag. 64 y.—Common ground.

Peckham, Ruth, of Isaac and Ruth, d. Nov. 30, 1774, ag. 15 y.—Common ground.

Peckham, Benson d. Nov. 4, 1793, ag. 68 y.—Common ground.

Peckham, David, of Caleb and Mary, d. Dec. 9, 1748, ag. 8 mcs. 23 d.—Common ground.

Peckham, John, of Caleb and Mary, d. Aug. 16, 1742, ag. 5 m. 14 d.—Common ground.

Peckham, Benjamin, of Caleb and Mary, d. Aug. 23, 1765, ag. 8 y. 8 m.—Common ground.

Peckham, Jane, wife of Philip, d. Apr. 24, 1750, ag. 76.—Common ground.

Peckham, Caleb, d. Jan. 8, 1769, ag. 55 yrs.—Common ground.

Peckham, Nathaniel, d. Nov. 23, 1766, ag. 30 yrs.—Common ground.

Peckham, Mary, of Henry and Abigail, d. Oct. 11, 1795, ag. 18 mcs.—Island Cemetery.

Peckham, Ruth, of Henry and Abigail, d. Dec. 6, 1797, ag. 5 yrs.—Island Cemetery.

Peckham, Mary, of Henry and Abigail, d. June 8, 1797, ag. 13 mcs.—Island Cemetery.

Peckham, Patience, of Geo. Hazard and Sarah, d. Nov. 4, 1765, ag. 4 mcs. 5 days.—Island Cemetery.

To be continued.

A MASSACHUSETTS MINE.

Concluded.

In the early years of this century the old mine was reopened under the direction of the Ex-lieu Black Lead Company, which, after a few years' existence, sold its interests to Frederic Tudor, who continued business at the mine thirty years, during which time the annual production of graphite amounted to twenty tons. Mr. Tudor paid \$5746 for the property, which, considering the purchasing value of money sixty years ago, shows that he shrewdly was a man who believed that there was something in it. For so remote and naturally quiet a locality the mine was

a busy place in Mr. Tudor's time. From ten to twenty men were employed, and the rumbling of machinery was heard to the gliding mill near by. Drifts or entrances were cut at right angles to the mine, and in the principal one of these a wooden tramway was laid and remained almost intact to this day. A foot-bridge which spanned the chasm, now richly with age, remains in position, though thirty years have passed since the abandonment of the mine.

For a long while Mr. Tudor had for his foreman a colored man named Guy Scott. He could neither read nor write, but was naturally a person of tact and one capable of accomplishing a deal of work, and it is told that Mr. Tudor paid him \$1.50 a day, which was a high and unusual sum to pay to those days even for skilled labor.

Only one fatal accident ever occurred in the mine. This happened October 13, 1830, when two miners were killed outright and a third severely injured by the falling of a huge mass of the overhanging rock. The cross timbers placed to stay the walls of the mine after the accident still remain, though sixty years have passed away since they began to serve their purpose.

After the death of Mr. Tudor the mine was leased and worked by Plympton Marcy, of Storbridge, in 1860, when the mine was abandoned, the yearly production was eight tons of ore, but in 1869 twenty-five tons were mined, which was one of the largest annual outputs in its history.

In all the mine has been worked to a depth of seventy feet, with nothing to indicate that the ore is nearly exhausted. But the abundance of graphite in countries of Europe and Asia preclude the possibility of further working of the Storbridge mine at a profit.

In 1862 or thereabouts, Hon. Emory L. Bates, a capitalist of Storbridge, with two Norwich, Conn. gentlemen, offered \$10,000 for the property, but it was not accepted. All that is now left of the original grant which went with the mine is one hundred and fifty acres, with an assessed valuation, including the mine of \$1500.

The visitor of to-day will find the old mine and its surroundings interesting. All about it one can find lumps of the shining, glossy ore, and the slopes of the shaftbank at the end of the mine drift are fairly crystallized with foliated graphite.

## Queries.

7293. GORTON.—Can anyone tell me if Samuel Gorton (3), son of Samuel (2), born 1690, died about 1784, has a war record? I had in Rhode Island books that his name is given. One of his sons, Joseph Gorton, we find has a war record. His son Hezekiah would have been old enough to serve (born Nov. 21, 1763, married Mrs. Ann Potter, nee Bowditch). Can any one tell me if he had a record? Who was the father of Mrs. Ann Potter?—E. S. J.

7294. SERVAT.—Who was Abigail, wife of Daniel Servat? They had a child, born May 20, 1743, at Newport. Had they other children?—E. S.

7295. CLARKE.—Who was the Samuel Clarke, of Jamestown, who in 1728 was allowed by the Colony of Rhode Island, 2d. per pound bounty on 1227 pounds of hemp raised, water rotted and dressed by him?—R. F.

7296. BARRON.—Who was John Barron, who advertised in the Newport Gazette of Jan. 30, 1777, a variety of articles "at his shop, lately occupied by Nicholas Thillingham, on Thames Street"?—R. F.

7297. TEMPLETON.—Who was the wife of Robert Templeton, who was living in Newport, before 1800? He was a watchmaker from Scotland.—S. T.

7298. HARRIS.—A Benjamin Harris wrote the following letter from the Prison Ship at Newport, January 31, 1778. Can any one give his ancestry or descendants?

"Newport Prison Ship, Jan. 31, 1778. Gentlemen: By this you will be informed of my being a prisoner in this place, and make no doubt but when you are informed of it you will use your influence to get me exchanged. If it is not possible to get me exchanged, I should be glad if you would send me some money, which I am much in want of, having but few clothes and in a bad state of health and the season severe.

I am, gentlemen, with all respect,  
Your humble servant,  
BENJAMIN HARRIS.  
To Messrs. Samuel Brown, & Co., at  
Taunton,—"R. C. W."

7299. BOTS.—Isaac Bots of Kittery, Me., died 1892. His will, was probated at Exeter, N. H., but is missing (or was mislaid) from the files. Has this been found? If not, is there a copy anywhere?—B. J.

7300. LAMBERT.—John Lambert, of Norwich, Conn., died in 1727, and his estate was administered upon by his son, John, Jr. What was his ancestry and who was his wife?—P. N.

## MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Aquidneck Grange is planning to give the play, "The Changeling," and the Junior Chapter, Brotherhood of St. Andrew (of Holy Cross Church) the play, "Dora," soon after Easter.

Hyacinths are reported up nearly two inches. Early market gardeners are resetting plants in their hot-cold frames which later will be transferred to cold frames.

Mr. L. Lincoln Sherman is confined to his home by a throat trouble to which he has been subject for a number of winters.

## THE NIGHT RIDERS

By Ridgwell Cullam

## THE LOST MILLION

By Winthrop Alden

## HER SOUL AND HER BODY

Louise Closser Hale

## MISS JIMMY

Laura E. Richards

## CARR'S.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

"I wonder how Auanias began (y-log?) said he.  
"I can tell you," she retorted. "It began by telling Gapphina that she was the only girl he ever loved."—Baltimore American.

## Customers' Week.

We call it that because of all times in the year this is the time when we withdraw. Stock-taking always brings to light a sad, sad sight—left overs, remnants, mismatched and mismated articles—all of which must be cleaned out if they have to be sent to the auction rooms—we give you the first chance. If you can use them, that's your gain, for the price is always a mere fraction of the real worth.

## THE

## Annual Sale of Matting Remnants TODAY.

Fewer this year than usual, and we figure about two days selling will clean them up.

10c and 15c

That were 20c to 55c

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

## Got Missing Figures

THE General Manager was presenting plans for an extension of the factory to the company's directors. He found that he had left an estimate sheet in his desk at the factory. He called up the factory on the Bell Long Distance Telephone. His assistant read the figures to him and the directors were able to act without delay.

Annoying delays are avoided by the use of the Bell Telephone.



## Providence Telephone Co.

CONTRACT DEPT. 142 Spring St.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance.

## When You Come to Plan Your Summer Vacation

You'll need the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad's summer resort book. It contains a list of two thousand summer hotels and boarding cottages, and tells their location and capacity and rate per day and per week. Ask for the

## MANUAL OF SUMMER RESORTS

The easily accessible and most popular resorts of Southern New England are mentioned in this book—places where you can enjoy a most delightful vacation at very moderate cost.

Write today for a copy. Address Advertising Bureau, Room 728, South Station, Boston.

## Delinquent Taxpayers NOTICE!

The undersigned hereby gives public notice that all taxes assessed for the year 1911 which his books show unpaid at the close of business

MARCH 1, 1913,

will be collected by levy and public sale of the real estate upon which the said unpaid taxes are a lien, and all costs incident thereto will be added to the original claim.

E. W. HIGBEE,

Collector of Taxes.

Newport, R. I. Feb. 5, 1913.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., February 17, A. D. 1913.

Estate of David Coggeshall.

ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator on the estate of David Coggeshall, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his fourth account, therewith, and thereon prays that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that said account be referred for consideration to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the seventh day of March next, A. D. 1913, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Gillett—How do you accomplish your great success with the ladies?

Do you keep giving them things?

Perry—Nothing on earth but encouragement, old man.—Judge.

"Why did she break the engagement with Tom?"

"She advised him to be economical, and he started by getting her an imitation diamond."

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate, Providence, February 23, 1913.

## Public Hearing.

## DEER

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in Senate Bill 24, entitled: "An Act to amend Chapter 1st of the General Laws, entitled 'Of Ferrets, Weasels, Hares, Gray Squirrels and Deer.'"

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, 62

Tuesday, February 25, 1913,

upon the rising of the Senate.  
OSCAR A. BENNETT, Chairman.  
W. LOUIS FROST, Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate, Providence, February 14, 1913.

## Public Hearing.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in Senate Bill, entitled: "An Act providing for the appointment of a State Milk Inspector."

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, 62

Thursday, February 27, 1913,

upon the rising of the Senate.  
OSCAR A. BENNETT, Chairman.  
JOHN J. DUNN, Acting Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives, Providence, February 18, 1913.

## Public Hearing.

Election of United States Senators.

The Committee on Special Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 65 entitled: "An Act to Provide for the Expression of the Popular Choice for United States Senators and to Enable Candidates for the General Assembly to Publicly and Officially Pledge Themselves to Respect Such Choice."

and in House Bill 165, entitled: "A Resolution Ratifying the Proposed Amendment to the Constitution of the United States Providing that Senators Shall be Elected by the People of the Several States."

In Committee Room 314, State House, Providence, 62

Tuesday, February 25, A. D. 1913,

upon the rising of the House.  
JOHN T. GARDINER, Chairman.  
DAVID E. LAVIGNE, Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate, Providence, February 14, 1913.

## Public Hearing.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in Senate Bill, the fifty-four hour bill, so-called, in Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on

Thursday, February 20, 1913,

upon the rising of the Senate.  
OSCAR A. BENNETT, Chairman.  
JOHN J. DUNN, Acting Clerk.

No. 1955

## REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business February 4, 1913.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$577,785 86
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	129 10
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Bonds, securities, etc.	176,459 76
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	26,700 00
Due from approved reserve agents	103,492 54
Checks and other cash items	6,628 00
Exchange for clearing house	4,470 18
Notes of other National Banks	3,000 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	581 11
<b>LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN.</b>	

BANK, VIZ:	DOLLARS.
Specie	35,340 45
Legal-tender notes	41,838 45
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,000 00
<b>Total</b>	\$821,590 45

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000 00
Surplus fund	65,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	35,829 91
National Bank notes outstanding	94,010 00
Due to other National Banks	2,882 59
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	51,485 15
Dividends unpaid	72 00
Individual deposits subject to check	425,521 72
Demand certificates of deposit	22,500 70
Certified checks	110 83
<b>Total</b>	\$821,590 45

Total State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss. I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of February, 1913.

CORRECT—Attest: Ralph R. Barker, Edward S. Peckham, Edward A. Brown, Directors.

No. 1952  
REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business February 4, 1913.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$577,785 86
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	129 10
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Bonds, securities, etc.	176,459 76
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	26,700 00
Due from approved reserve agents	103,492 54
Checks and other cash items	6,628 00
Exchange for clearing house	4,470 18
Notes of other National Banks	3,000 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	581 11
<b>LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN.</b>	

BANK, VIZ:	DOLLARS.
Specie	22,618 50
Legal-tender notes	24,198 50
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,000 00
<b>Total</b>	\$51,817 00

LIABILITIES.</
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